

# POLICE

JULY No. 44

COMICS

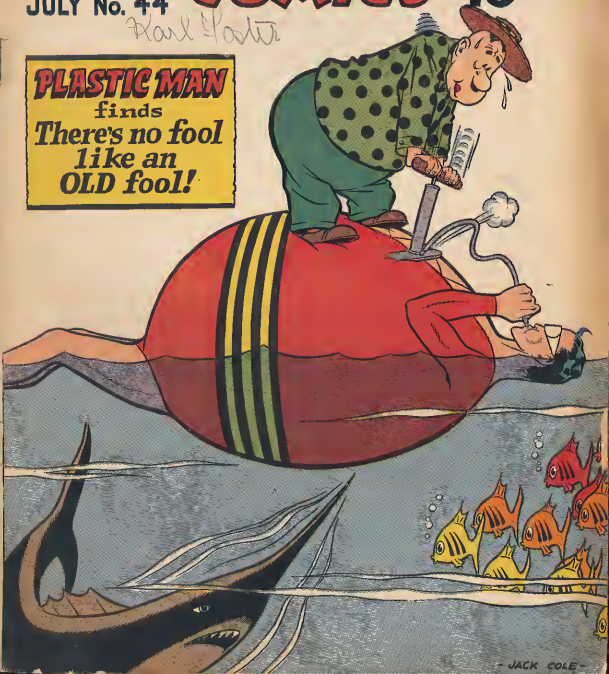
10¢

*Harold Foster*

**PLASTIC MAN**

finds

**There's no fool  
like an  
OLD fool!**



- JACK COLE -





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Distinguished Service on All Fronts . . .  
Now Again Serving on the Home Front



## 1941—NORTH AFRICA

If service ribbons were awarded to coaster brakes, Morrow would wear many. Morrow Coaster Brakes have served the world over . . . providing dependable brake and coaster action on bikes used by the armed forces. They were there at North Africa.



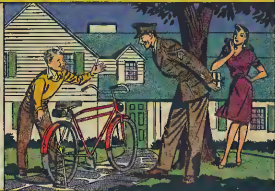
## 1943—GUADALCANAL

When Uncle Sam selected Morrow Coaster Brakes for use on war bicycles, he knew the punishing conditions they'd serve in . . . like the jungle trails, mud roads, steep hills of Guadalcanal. He knew Morrow could take it.



## JUNE 1944—FRANCE

Airborne troops hit the Normandy soil ready for action, and their war bikes parachuted down with them. Silent-operating, quick-stopping, easy-pedaling Morrow Coaster Brakes served the war fronts as they have served the home front for 41 years—dependably.



## 1945—U. S. A.

This may be the Victory year . . . peace will return . . . you'll look forward to a brand new bike . . . and you'll want it Morrow-equipped. It's the big, husky coaster brake for glide-ride coasting and easy pedaling . . . with power to stop quickly and smoothly.



- ★ Quick Steps
- ★ Easy Pedaling
- ★ Long, Free Coasting



THEY'LL SOON BE BACK  
AND DEALERS WILL AGAIN  
HAVE MORROWS IN STOCK

Uncle Sam has released a limited number of Morrow Brakes for home front use. See your dealer, but please be patient if he's out of them temporarily. When you buy a Morrow, you buy the finest—they're worth waiting for.

MORROW, ECLIPSE AND BENDIX ARE TRADE-MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

# THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Made by the

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

Famous Auto Brake Manufacturer  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

# PLASTIC MAN

by  
JACK COLE

GIRLS!  
BOYS!...IF  
YOU DON'T STOP,  
I'LL GET  
PLASTIC MAN  
AFTER YOU!

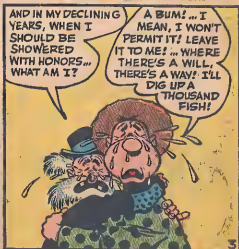
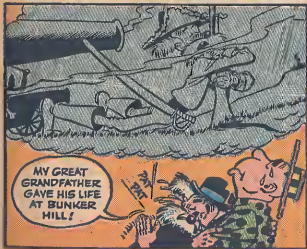
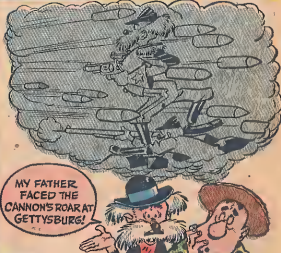
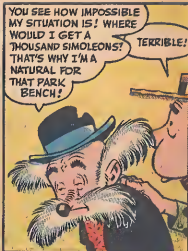
The Home For The Aged was a quiet place until WOOLY put in an appearance! And **PLASTIC MAN** almost despaired of bringing it back to normal--after it became the scene of **MURDER!**



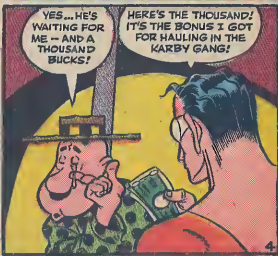
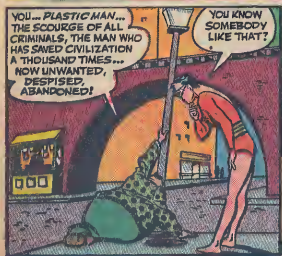
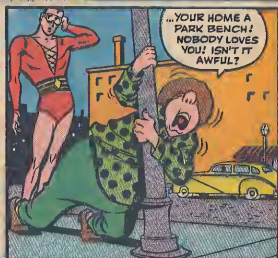
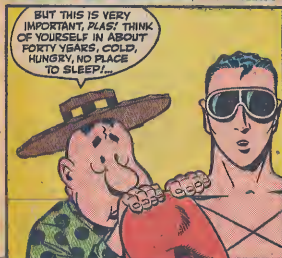
POLICE COMICS



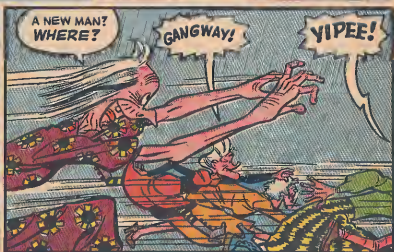
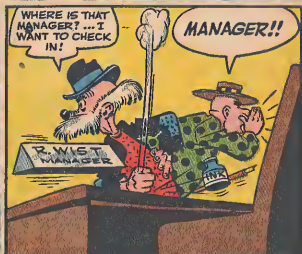
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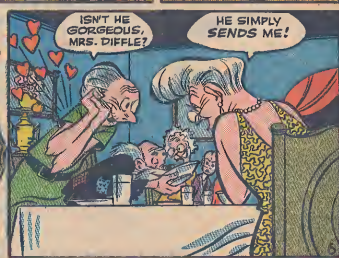
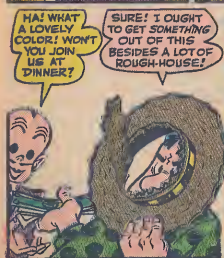
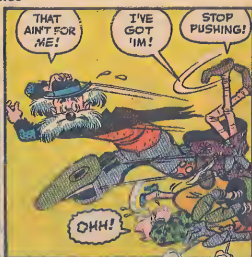


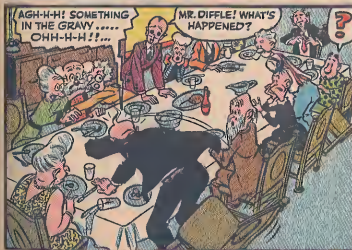
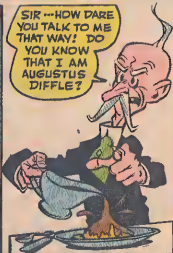
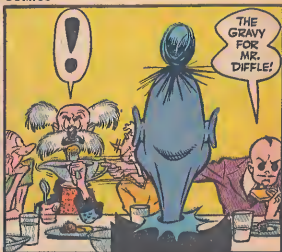


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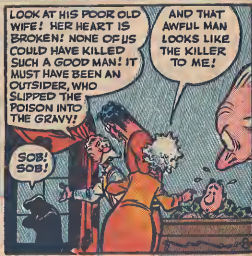
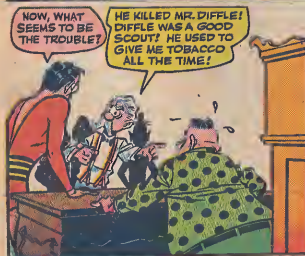
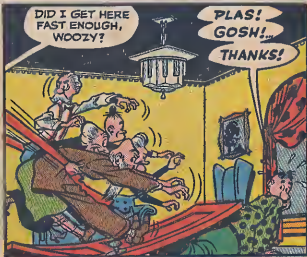
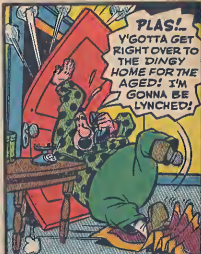
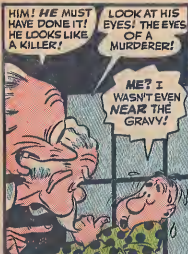






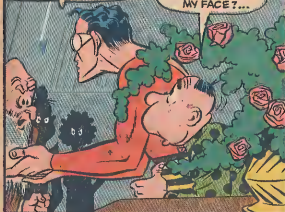


POLICE COMICS



BUT YOU CAN'T CONDEMN  
A MAN JUST BECAUSE HE  
HAS A PECULIAR FACE!

OF COURSE YOU CAN'T!  
...HUN? WHAT'S  
PECULIAR ABOUT  
MY FACE?...



THERE'S NO  
QUESTION ABOUT IT,  
PLASTIC MAN! WE ALL  
LOVED MR. DIFFLE! ONLY  
AN OUTSIDER WOULD  
EVEN HAVE THOUGHT OF  
KILLING HIM!

BUT  
WHAT WOOLZY'S  
MOTIVE  
HAVE BEEN?



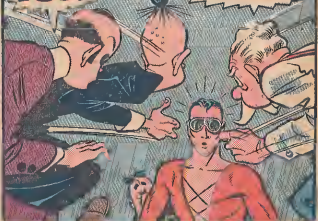
DON'T LET THAT PLASTIC  
MAN BIRD PULL THE WOOL  
OVER YOUR EYES, KIDS!  
HE'S A SMOOTHIE AND I  
WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED  
IF HE DID THE POISONING  
HIMSELF! EVER SEE THE  
REACH HE'S GOT?

MR. PIKE!  
WHAT A WAY  
TO TALK ABOUT  
PLASTIC  
MAN!



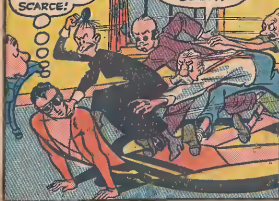
YOU!

MURDERER!

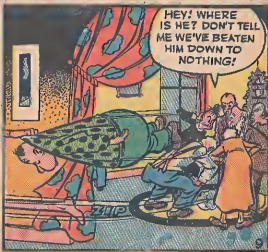


HOW ARE YOU GOING  
TO HIT BACK AT OLD  
PEOPLE? I'D BETTER  
MAKE MYSELF  
SCARCE!

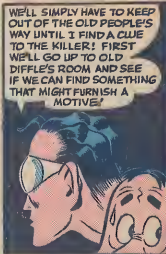
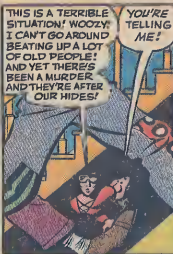
HE'S TRYING TO  
ESCAPE! THAT  
PROVES HE'S  
GUILTY!



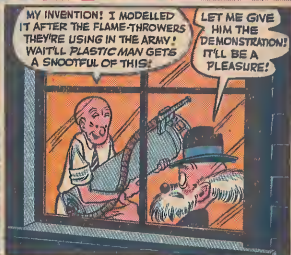
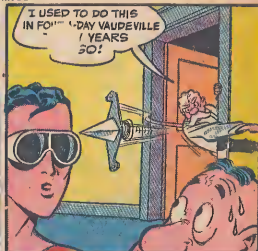
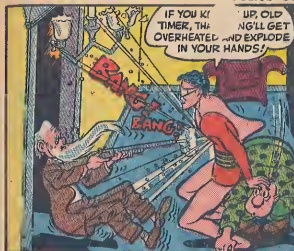
HEY! WHERE  
IS HE? DON'T TELL  
ME WE'VE BEATEN  
HIM DOWN TO  
NOTHING!



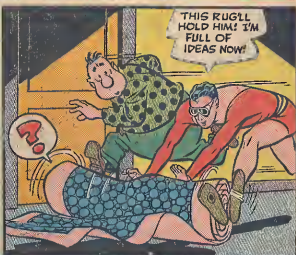
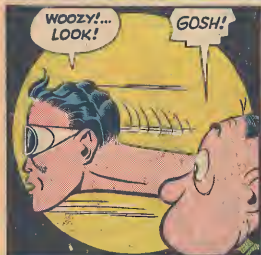
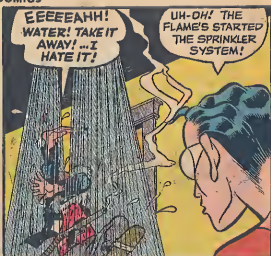
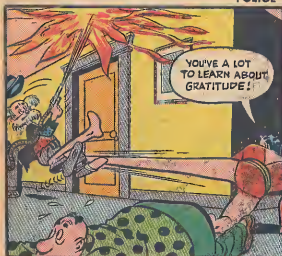


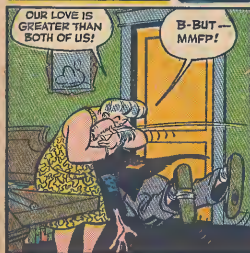


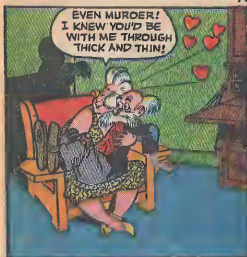
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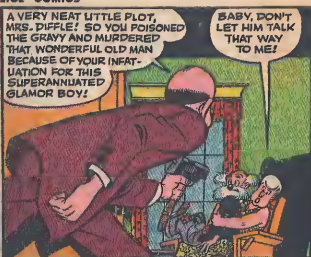






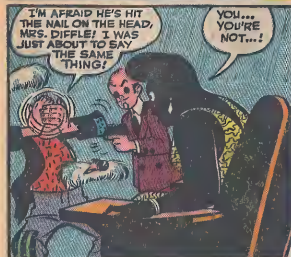


EVEN MURDER!  
I KNEW YOU'D BE  
WITH ME THROUGH  
THICK AND THIN!



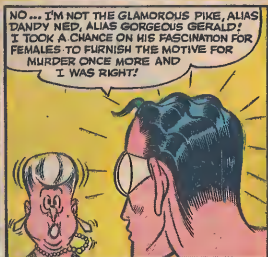
A VERY NEAT LITTLE PLOT,  
MRS. DIFFLE! SO YOU POISONED  
THE GRAY AND MURDERED  
THAT WONDERFUL OLD MAN  
BECAUSE OF YOUR INFAT-  
UATION FOR THIS  
SUPERANNUATED  
GLAMOR BOY!

BABY, DON'T  
LET HIM TALK  
THAT WAY  
TO ME!

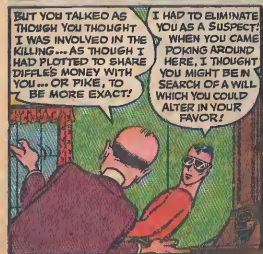


I'M AFRAID HE'S HIT  
THE NAIL ON THE HEAD,  
MRS. DIFFLE! I WAS  
JUST ABOUT TO SAY  
THE SAME  
THING!

YOU...  
YOU'RE  
NOT...!

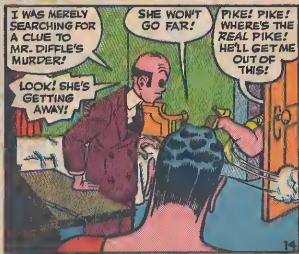


NO ... I'M NOT THE GLAMOROUS PIKE, ALIAS  
DANDY NED, ALIAS GORGEOUS GERALD!  
I TOOK A CHANCE ON HIS FASCINATION FOR  
FEMALES TO FURNISH THE MOTIVE FOR  
MURDER ONCE MORE AND  
I WAS RIGHT!



BUT YOU TALKED AS  
THOUGH YOU THOUGHT  
I WAS INVOLVED IN THE  
KILLING ... AS THOUGH I  
HAD PLOTTED TO SHARE  
DIFFLE'S MONEY WITH  
YOU ... OR PIKE, TO  
BE MORE EXACT!

I HAD TO ELIMINATE  
YOU AS A SUSPECT;  
WHEN YOU CAME  
POKING AROUND  
HERE, I THOUGHT  
YOU MIGHT BE IN  
SEARCH OF A WILL  
WHICH YOU COULD  
ALTER IN YOUR  
FAVOR!



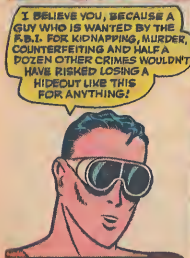
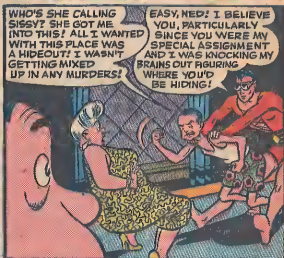
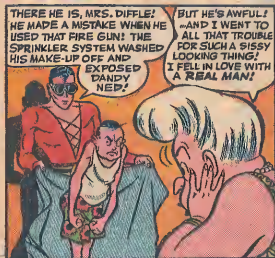
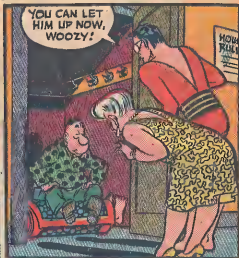
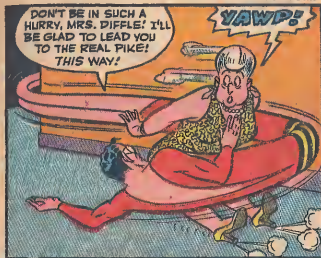
I WAS MERELY  
SEARCHING FOR  
A CLUE TO  
MR. DIFFLE'S  
MURDER!

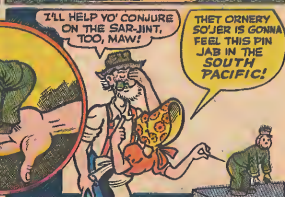
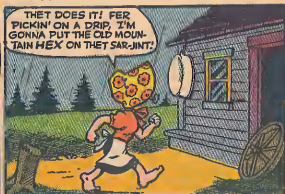
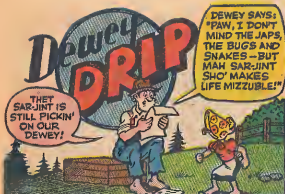
SHE WON'T  
GO FAR!

PIKE! PIKE!  
WHERE'S THE  
REAL PIKE!  
HE'LL GET ME  
OUT OF  
THIS!

LOOK! SHE'S  
GETTING  
AWAY!







# MANHUNTER

The most dangerous game  
ever hunted ... **MAN!**

And, when man is  
evil, deadly, wise  
and merciless ...

The task of hunting  
him is best left to ...  
**Manhunter!**





POLICE COMICS

A dragnet tightens...

CALLING ALL  
RESERVES!...

CONCENTRATE IN THE GREINER STREET  
DISTRICT TO WIPE OUT TRIGGER SWAIN'S  
MOB OF HOODLUMS! REPORT TO  
INSPECTOR CASTY! THAT IS ALL!

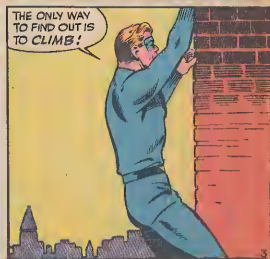
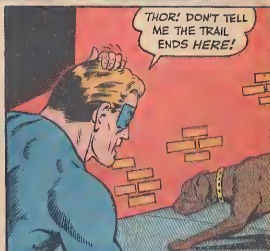
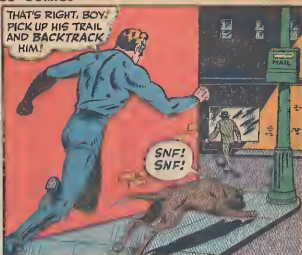
And, on Greiner Street!...

HERE'S ANOTHER  
OF THE MOB,  
INSPECTOR!

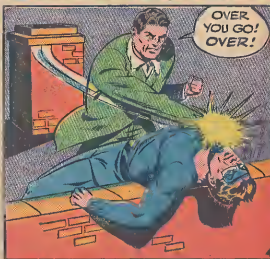
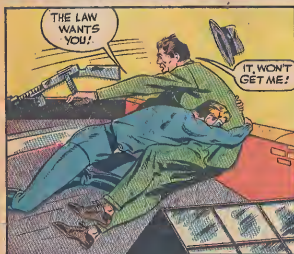
THAT'S ALL  
EXCEPT SWAIN  
HIMSELF! I'LL  
QUESTION  
THIS LAD!



POLICE COMICS

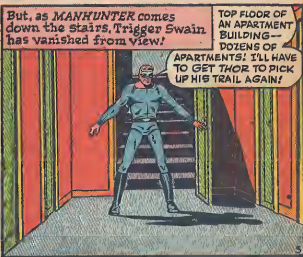
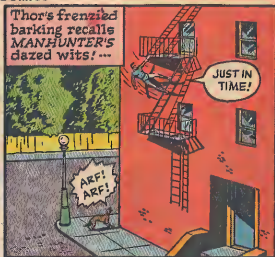


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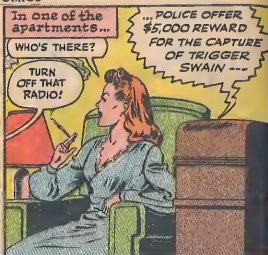
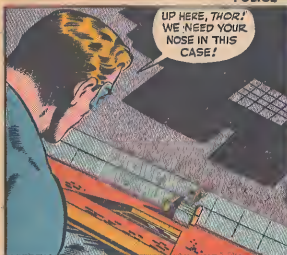




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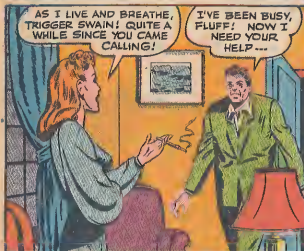
POLICE COMICS



In one of the apartments...

WHO'S THERE?

...POLICE OFFER \$5,000 REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF TRIGGER SWAIN ---

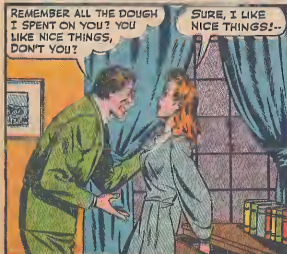


I'VE BEEN BUSY, FLUFF! NOW I NEED YOUR HELP ---

THEY'RE AFTER ME! FLUFF, YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME -- FOR OLD TIMES SAKE!



OLD TIME'S SAKE-- YES--

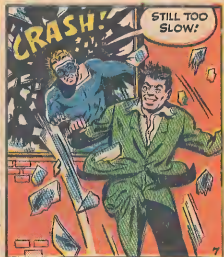


SURE, I LIKE NICE THINGS!--



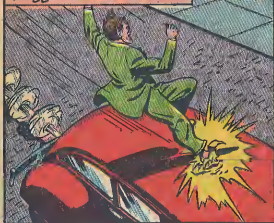
YOU'D TURN ME IN?

POLICE COMICS

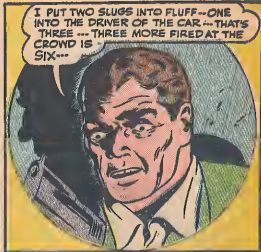




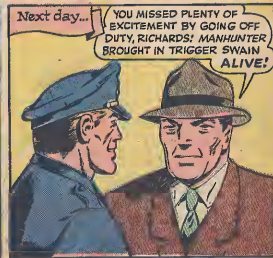
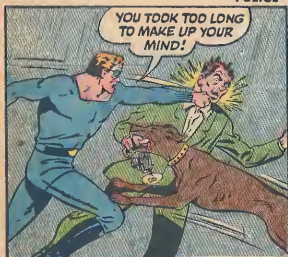
The roof of a passing sedan breaks  
Trigger Swain's fall---



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS





The SUPER  
SO-AN-SO...



# BURP THE TWERP

In a shady dive ...

BEEZY, I GOT IT!..  
I'M GONNA BUMP  
BURP THE TWERP  
OFF --- THEN WE'LL  
BE ABLE TO ROB  
BANKS IN PEACE!  
NOW HERE'S HOW  
I'LL OUT-WIT  
HIM!

OH, JOY!  
TELL ME  
MORE!..  
THAT GUY  
RUFFLES  
MY WIG!



Next  
day...

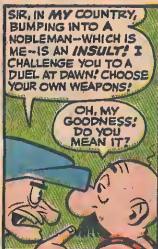
CLUMSY  
CAD!

B  
U  
M  
P



SIR, IN MY COUNTRY,  
BUMPING INTO A  
NOBLEMAN--WHICH IS  
ME--IS AN *INSULT*! I  
CHALLENGE YOU TO A  
DUEL AT DAWN! CHOOSE  
YOUR OWN WEAPONS!

OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
DO YOU  
MEAN IT?



Comes the dawn...

READY?

READY... BY THE  
WAY, WHAT  
WEAPON DID YOU  
CHOOSE TO  
USE?



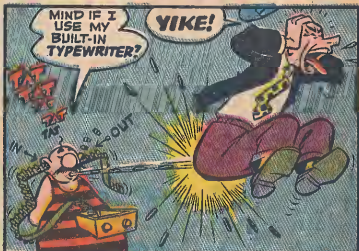
A CANNON, SUCKER? HAW!  
HAW! YOU'D BETTER WRITE  
OUT YOUR  
WILL!

THAT'S  
A GOOD  
IDEA!



MIND IF I  
USE MY  
BUILT-IN  
TYPEWRITER?

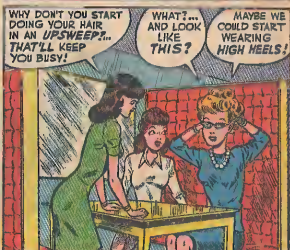
YIKE!



# CANDY



POLICE COMICS

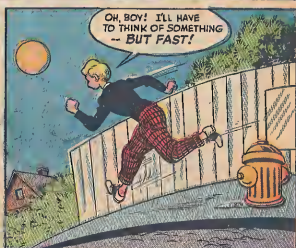
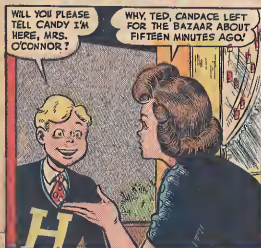
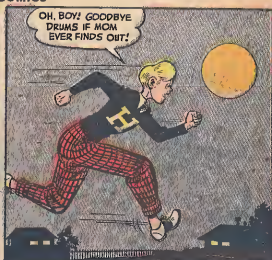
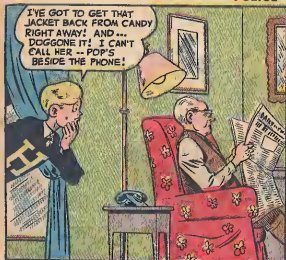




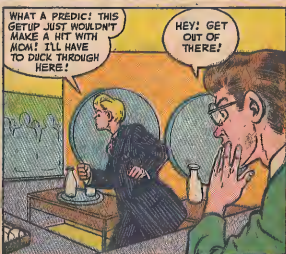
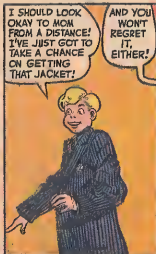
POLICE COMICS



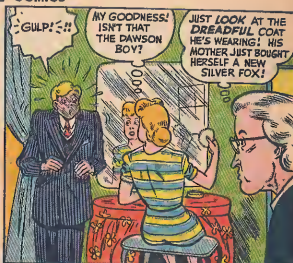
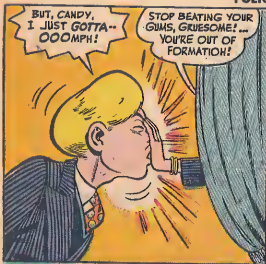
POLICE COMICS



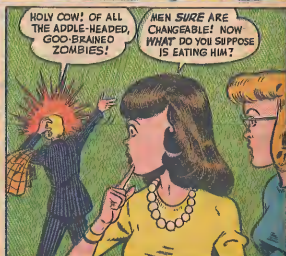
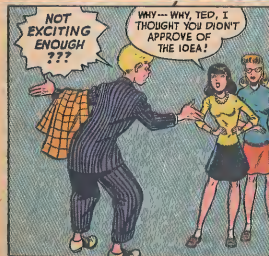
POLICE COMICS







POLICE COMICS



# The Human Bomb

Can anything pierce his armor?...

by Paul Gustavson

The Human Bomb is fenced with mail stronger than any explosion can break--and the touch of his knuckles has a blast more deadly than TNT--But it is his WARM, KIND HEART that launches him into every fight against evil and cruelty!

At the experimental laboratory of Lincoln and Throckmorton, Inc.

HAW! HAW! THEY EXPECT SCIENTISTS LIKE US TO BELIEVE THIS DRIVEL!

WHAT, HUSTACE?

HERALD TIMES  
SEA SERPENT ATTACKING SWIMMERS!

PHONY FLASH FROM THE BUMBOAT BEACH RESORT... THEY SAY THERE'S A SEA SERPENT ATTACKING SWIMMERS!

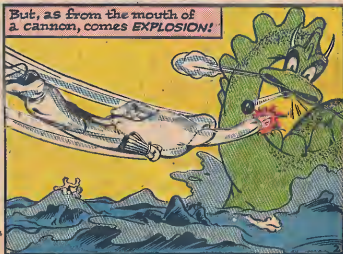
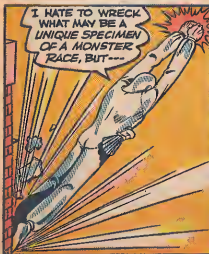
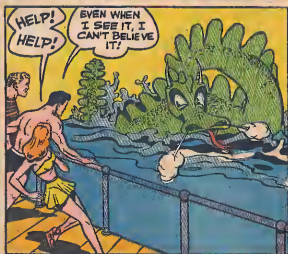
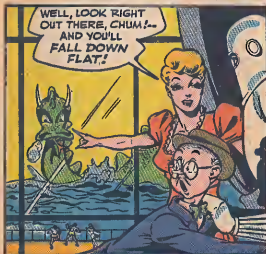
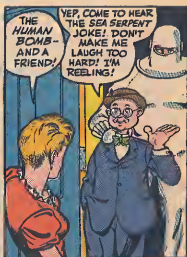
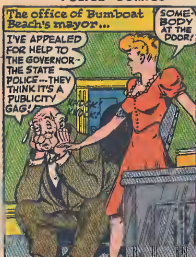
SEA SERPENT! -- GIVE ME MY ARMOR!

Here's how Roy Lincoln looks without his mask...

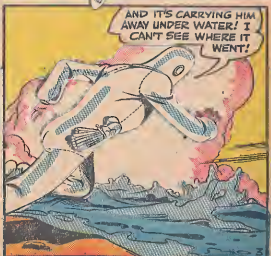
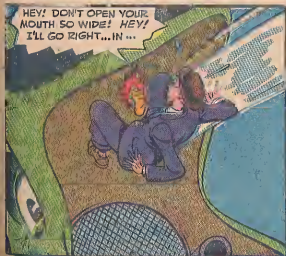
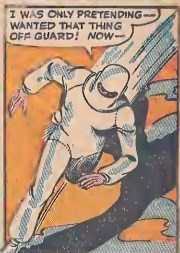
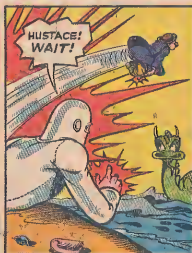
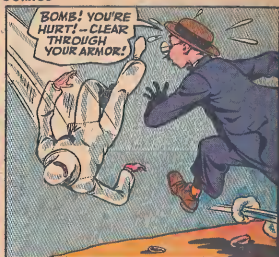
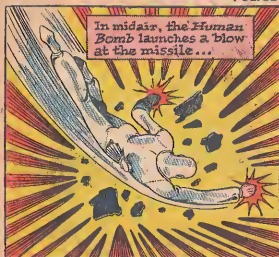
And here's his alter ego-- HUSTACE THROCKMORTON, with his dynamite--and brains--in his feet



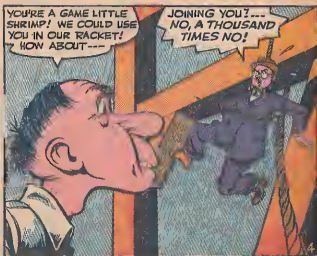
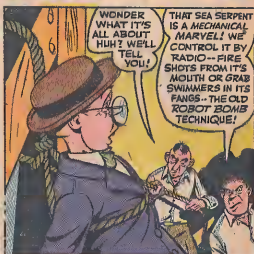
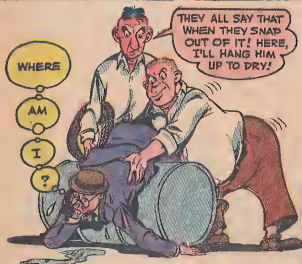
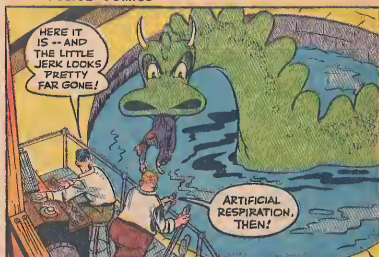
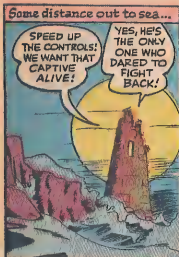
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

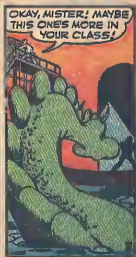
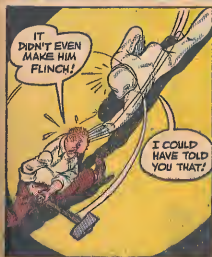
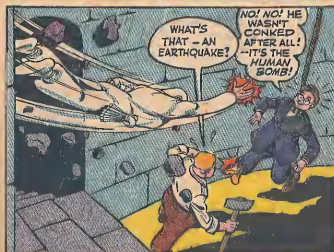


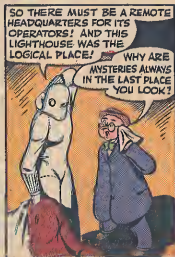
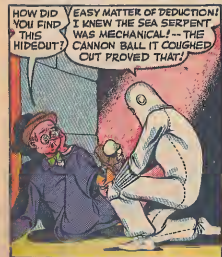
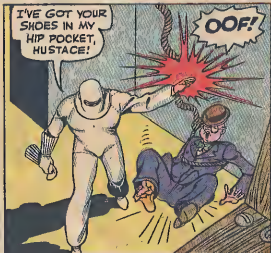
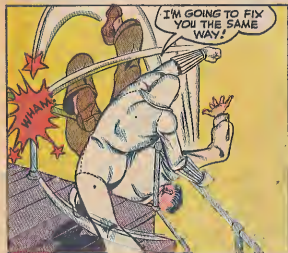
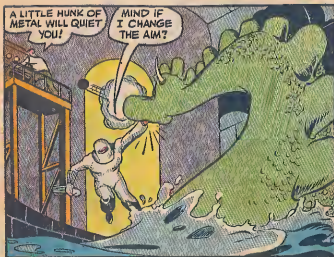
POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS





# BACKFIRE

THE letter was from one of the modest merchants in the city. Dick Mace read it with interest and not a little astonishment. Johnson wrote that he had been ordered to buy a large burglary insurance policy at an extortionate premium that would render him penniless. He had been warned that to refuse was to lay himself open to dire consequences.

Dick glanced up at his secretary, Miss Byrd.

"The date on this is two days old," he said. "Yesterday was a holiday."

She nodded. "That's right, Dick."

"And Johnson says here that he needs help immediately . . . within the day. H'mm!"

"What are you going to do?" Miss Byrd asked.

"I don't know that there's anything I can do. Looks like a police job. . . . Someone in the outer office."

Miss Byrd left. In a moment she was back to announce a Miss Carruthers.

Miss Carruthers was in an agitated frame of mind. She trembled as she took the chair Dick indicated.

"What is your trouble?" Dick asked gently.

"Well," she said, "it's about this insurance thing. Some men called on me yesterday and said

that if I didn't take out a large burglary policy they'd see that my shop was burned, or robbed, or something. I don't know what to do, Mr. Mace. I can't afford anything like the premium they demand."

Dick looked quizzical. "Say, what is this insurance racket anyway?"

Miss Carruthers looked at him. "Haven't you heard? A whole gang of men are going through the shopping district ordering merchants to buy it, or else."

"Can't the police do anything?"

Miss Carruthers spread her hands in a gesture that was plain. "They haven't so far."

A week passed. Then the racket hit the papers. They carried the story of the wave of insurance racketeering that was sweeping the city.

A shop was burned. Three others were robbed and the proprietors shoved around. A reign of terror gripped the city.

Dick learned that a wealthy hanker of the city was behind the insurance plot. He called Miss Byrd into his office. "Like to do some detecting?" he asked. She would. "Then go interview this Jason Goler, the hanker. I think he's behind the racket."

Miss Byrd was coy when she

was ushered into the hanker's office. She is tired of her job; would like something else. Always thought of working in a hank. Does Mr. Goler have anything available?

"Well, well!" The shylock rubbed his hands. "Such a fine looking girl. Mehbe it can be arranged. . . . How about a nice quiet little dinner with me?"

Miss Byrd inwardly cringed, but this was her job—finding out all she could about the banker and his racket. She nodded, forcing a smile.

"At eight, then?" asked Goler. He stood up. "I'll call for you. We'll have a good time."

But Jason Goler didn't take her immediately to dinner. They stopped at a gambling place on The Strip. Goler bet heavily, while Miss Byrd looked on, wondering how anyone could afford to lose so much money. Goler lost heavily. He drank heavily. He got a bit tipsy. Then he became loquacious. The past few days a strange thing had happened. The merchants had been flocking to buy insurance by the hundreds. Couldn't understand it. But the amazing thing was that a gang of terrorists had started working on them.

"During the past week," said Goler portentously, "several hundred of those new policy



## POLICE COMICS

holders have been robbed. . . . I face ruin unless it stops."

Miss Byrd was sympathetic. Outwardly. Inside she trembled with mirth. "What are you going to do, Mr. Goler?"

"Do?" Goler pins her with a glare. Then his jowly face softened. "Want to know what I'm going to do? They can't lick Jason Goler, my girl! . . . You want some excitement?"

Miss Byrd nodded. "Love it."

Goler glanced at his watch. "Well, leave here in a half hour," he told her. "We're going to my bank."

Miss Byrd contrived an excuse to get away from the hanker for a few minutes. In the hall she hurriedly scribbled a note, then tore it up. She entered a phone booth and called Dick Mace.

While she was gone, a slinky looking chap approached Goler and whispered in his ear: "She's working for Mace," he said. "We been tailin' her. She's tip-pin' him off now."

Goler growled savagely. When Miss Byrd returned he curbed his anger and forced a smile. He informed her that they would leave immediately for his bank.

The great bank was dark. Goler had no trouble passing the night guards. Once inside he knew his way perfectly. They made for a stairway. Far below the street level were the vaults—Goler's objective.

He soon had the huge vault doors open and was scraping thick packs of bills and stacks of coin into a satchel, while Miss Byrd looked on, agape.

Goler suddenly whirled at her. "So you thought you could get away with it!" he snarled. "Working for Mace and trying to trap me, eh? Well, you'll

find out how Jason Goler treats spies!"

He grabbed the girl, quickly tied her hands behind her back and then fastened her securely to an iron pipe in the wall. She screamed. Goler reached down at one side of the vault room and turned a valve. Water spurted into the room. He chuckled.

"I opened a fire hydrant," he said. "In a few minutes this basement will be full of water. You'll drown like a rat. Good-bye, spy!"

He hurried up the stairs. Miss Byrd made a choked sound in her throat. She felt faint. Then the cold water lapped around her ankles. This was the end!

Dick Mace didn't wait after receiving Miss Byrd's telephone call. He strapped on his shoulder guns and hurried down to the garage. Into his huge black car.

He had to knock out a bank guard to get his keys. At the head of the stairs he called out. There was no answer. He went down a few steps, called again. He heard water gurgling below. He bounded down the stone steps. Called out. From a distant corner he heard an answer: "Oh, hurry, Mr. Mace! The water's almost to my face!"

Dick leaped into the black swirling water and struck out for Miss Byrd. "Keep your head up," he called. "I'll get you out." But he couldn't find the valve. He dived several times before he found it. Then the water stopped coming in. He got her loose.

"Quick!" he ordered. "We'll have to go to his house."

It was only a few minutes' drive. Miss Byrd shivered all the way. Then they were piling

out of Dick's car and racing up the steps of the mansion where the banker lived. The butler gave them no trouble—after Dick tapped him in just the right place. Then they bounded up the steps.

Jason Goler was hurriedly packing when Dick burst into his room. A table was littered with piles of cash.

"Huh!" he gulped, as Dick confronted him. "How the devil did you get in here . . . what do you want?"

"That money," Dick said.

Goler made a grab for the table drawer, but his hand paused when Dick's automatic covered him. "Oh, no, Goler. I wouldn't."

Miss Byrd came into the room, looking like a bedraggled cat.

"You!" shrieked Goler. "No, no! You're—dead!"

Miss Byrd smiled grimly. "No fault of yours if I'm not."

"You put the noose around your own neck," Dick said. "That insurance racket was all right, but you pushed it too far, Gbler. You see, I hired a lot of thugs—supposedly. But first you're wondering why so many of these merchants decided to buy insurance even though they refused at first. That was my doing. I told 'em to buy all they could. Then I sent out my—ah—thugs to rob 'em. Not really, but good enough so that your insurance company had to pay off."

Goler gulped again. Cursed. "So it was you!"

Dick grinned. "Slick, eh? it'll teach you a lesson, Goler. Robbing your own bank's bad, too, Uncle Sam will have something to say. Maybe it's your bank, but it's the depositors' money. Remember, Jason?"

# FLATFOOT BURNS

WHY MUST YOU BE SO STUBBORN?

WHO'S STUBBORN?  
I'M JUST PLAIN HUNGRY!

by  
**AL STAHL**  
GINGER

NEWS  
EXTRA! GIANT WHALE  
STUBBORNLY BLOCKS  
MAIN HARBOR!

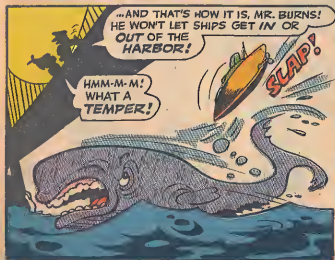
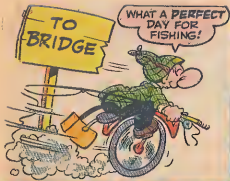
SHIPPING  
HELD UP!

OBVIOUSLY  
A PERFECT  
CASE FOR  
FLATFOOT  
BURNS!

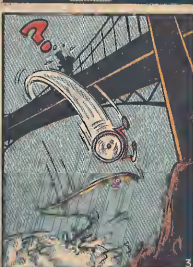
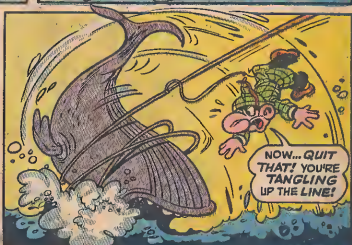
I WANTED TO  
DO A LITTLE  
FISHING  
THIS WEEKEND,  
ANYHOW!

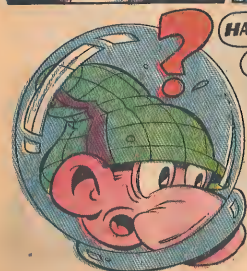
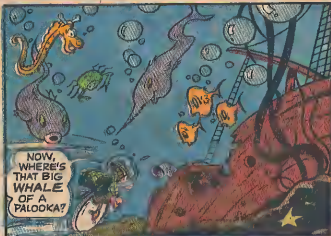
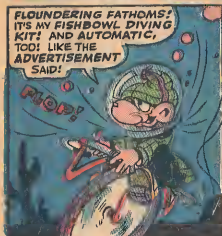
FISH  
KIT

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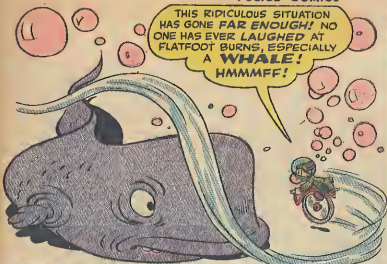




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THIS RIDICULOUS SITUATION  
HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! NO  
ONE HAS EVER LAUGHED AT  
FLATFOOT BURNS, ESPECIALLY  
A **WHALE!**  
HMMMMFF!

...AND I'LL NOT STAND FOR  
IT! DO YOU HEAR ME?...  
AND, OH, YES... WHAT DO  
YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT  
YOUR **BLOCKING THE  
HARBOR?**



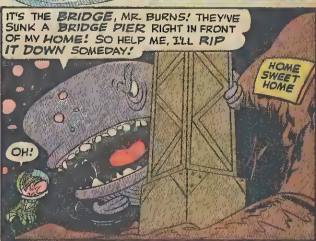
STEP THIS WAY, MR. BURNS!  
LET ME **SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING!**

WELL--?

IT'S THE **BRIDGE**, MR. BURNS! THEY'VE  
SUNK A **BRIDGE PIER** RIGHT IN FRONT  
OF MY HOME! SO HELP ME, I'LL **RIP  
IT DOWN SOMEDAY!**

OH!

HOME  
SWEET  
HOME

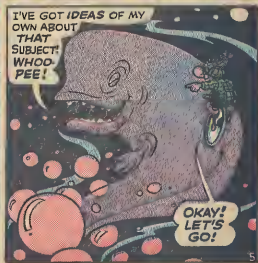
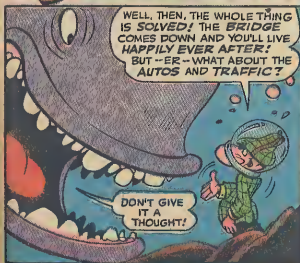


WELL, THEN, THE WHOLE THING  
IS **SOLVED!** THE **BRIDGE**  
COMES DOWN AND YOU'LL LIVE  
**HAPPILY EVER AFTER!**  
BUT--ER--WHAT ABOUT THE  
AUTOS AND TRAFFIC?

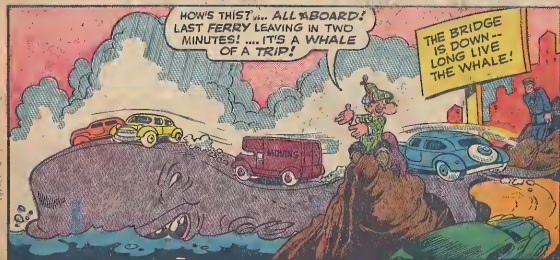
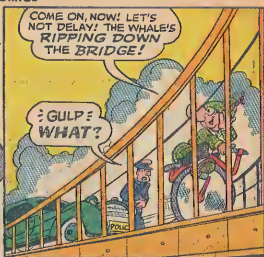
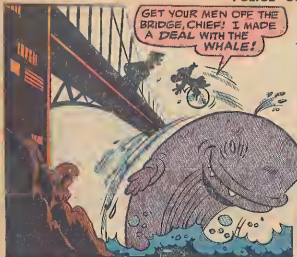
DON'T GIVE  
IT A  
THOUGHT!

I'VE GOT IDEAS OF MY  
OWN ABOUT  
THAT  
SUBJECT!  
WHOO-  
PEE!

OKAY!  
LET'S  
GO!







# THE SPIRIT

by Will Eisner

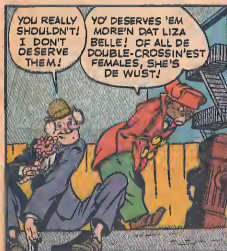
ONCE UPON A TIME... in a place called CENTRAL CITY, there lived a little boy named Ebony White.

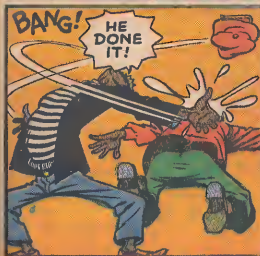
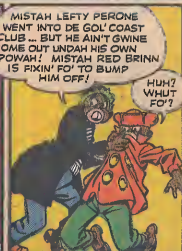


...and so angry was he that...



when the little man could at last dry his tears,  
he looked right at Ebony and said .....

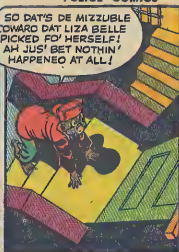








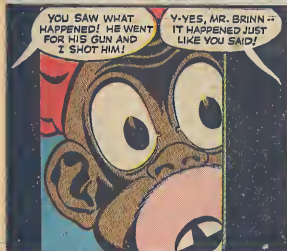
HMMFF! ...  
LOOKIT HIM RUN  
LAK A LI'L OL'  
SCARED  
RABBIT!



SO DAT'S DE MIZZUBLE  
COWARD DAT LIZA BELLE  
PICKED FO' HERSELF!  
AH JUS' BET NOTHIN'  
HAPPENEO AT ALL!

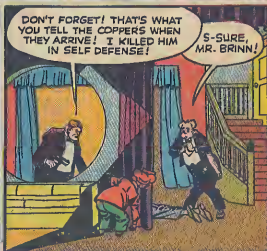


PROBLY WASN'T EVEN  
GUN SHOTS WE  
HEARD!



YOU SAW WHAT  
HAPPENED! HE WENT  
FOR HIS GUN AND  
I SHOT HIM!

Y-YES, MR. BRINN --  
IT HAPPENED JUST  
LIKE YOU SAID!



DON'T FORGET! THAT'S WHAT  
YOU TELL THE COPPERS WHEN  
THEY ARRIVE! I KILLED HIM  
IN SELF DEFENSE!

S-SURE,  
MR. BRINN!

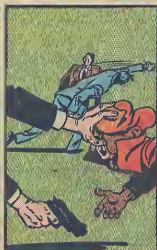


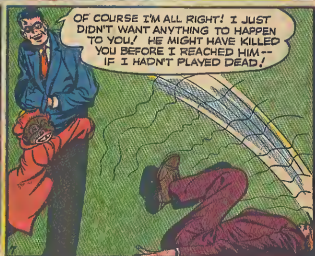
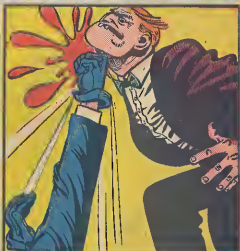
SO! -- WE'VE  
GOT COMPANY!



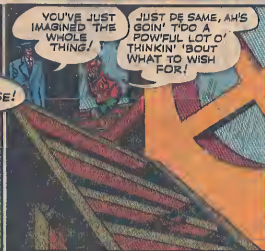
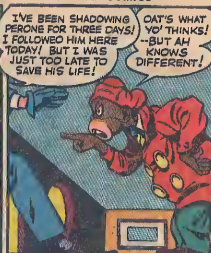
COME BACK  
HERE, BRAT!













Smart Set Silver Stone RING, correct for your month, GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

# GIVEN

## Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Given for selling new Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected as per our free Gift catalog-circular. Send coupon for order to start. Dozens of useful gifts offered.

LADIES' SHEER RAYON Hosiery GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

TELESCOPE GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Powerful Spot glasses, etc.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS Dept. E-365 Jefferson, Iowa



LEATHER BILFOLD—full size—good looking, GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.



TRUE LOVE LOCKET space for 2 pictures on inside. 1 1/2 inch chain. GIVEN for selling 10 boxes. Beautiful, Stimulated PEARL Earrings. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-365, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Gift Wanted

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## Mail The Gift Coupon *Accept These New Glowing Earrings* GIVEN FOR PROMPTNESS

Given with your order for Matched Bridal Pair for ten days examination. Beautiful Earrings that glow in the dark are truly no match and shining. Mystifying and Thrilling. Just send the coupon and accept these earrings as our gift to you with romance design engagement ring set with matching diamond solitaire in sentimental, meaningful design and matching Wedding Ring.

## Also Accept Wedding and RINGS

Send for both the Stimulated Diamond Solitaire and the matching wedding ring and accept them on 10 days' trial and we will include the glowing Garden Earrings without cost. If you do not fully agree that the Matched Bridal Pair is a marvellous bargain return them within ten days and your money will be refunded. **WOW! YOU'VE WON THE EXCITING, GLOWING EARRINGS AND A FREE GIFT—A MATCHED RING.**

### SEND NO MONEY TEN DAYS' TRIAL

Send the coupon today. When your package arrives you pay the postman only \$1.00 for each ring or \$3.00 for both rings, plus mailing cost and 25¢ Federal Tax. You will be thrilled and delighted with the sparkling beauty and sentimental design of this matched Bridal Pair.

**\$1.98 EACH RING \$3.89**



EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 55-GN, Jefferson, Iowa

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 55-GN Jefferson, Iowa.

Please send me ☐ Solitaire Ring ☐ Wedding Ring. I can return my purchase in 10 days and you will refund my money but I am to keep the earrings as your gift and sentimental gift to my friend. I am to receive a gift of the Garden Earrings if I order the Matched Bridal Pair.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....Ring Size.....



## PERFUME COSTUME ENSEMBLE

### Colorful Necklace Bracelet and Earrings \$1.00 Each Or All 3 For \$2.79

Here is Romance Glorified. Your choice of 6 lovely colors in a necklace, bracelet and earrings all matching in beauty of rich, exotic color and perfume that attracts lovers and mystifies friends. Each bead is artistically designed like a miniature rosebud and exudes a delicate, intriguing perfume at all times.

### SEND NO MONEY Ten Days Trial.

Let us know what color you want. Your package sent immediately and you pay the postman only \$1.00 each or all three articles are only \$2.79 plus 25¢ Federal Tax and a few cents mailing cost on arrival. Supplier Limited.

### GIVEN For Promptness

Purse also plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME given for promptness. If you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 77-NL Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 77-NL Jefferson, Iowa Please send me the NEW, Perfume-Costume Jewelry as marked.

..... Necklaces..... Bracelets..... Earrings If I order all 3 of the above I am to keep your purse also plastic case filled with solid perfume. I understand I can return my purchase any time within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

NAME.....

Address.....

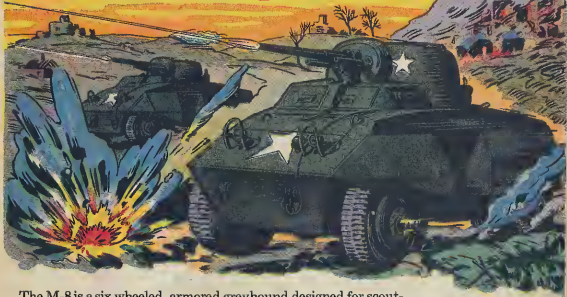
City.....State.....

Color ☐ Rose Red ☐ Yellow Pink ☐ Blue Green ☐ Turquoise Blue ☐ Yellow ☐ Orchid

Exact Size of Rosebud Design



# SPEEDY ENERGY



The M-8 is a six wheeled, armored greyhound designed for scouting and long range cruising at high speed. Carrying a 37 mm. anti-tank gun and machine gun, the M-8—with ENERGY derived from a powerful motor, can outrun everything it can't outshoot.

## **Baby Ruth SPEEDS FOOD-ENERGY INTO BODY**

So often these days, Baby Ruth helps fill the gap for food-energy when fatigue slows down a fighter or worker. Nourishing Baby Ruth is rich in dextrose, natural body sugar that is picked up directly by the bloodstream and used almost immediately for energy. It helps to speed-up activity . . . “perk-up” spirits.

**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILL.**

“I can even bake luscious Cookies made with Baby Ruth!”



*Recipe on every wrapper*



BUY U.S.  
WAR BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

If you cannot find Baby Ruth on the candy counter, remember Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.

